OUR PHILIPPINE POLICY SUPPORTED AS A MORAL DUTY.

What Expansion Has Done for Civilizing and Humanizing the World-Altruistic Arguments.

When Dewey on that eventful May morning in 1838 led his fleet into Manila bay, and changed the course of the world's history in a few brief hours, he inaugurated a new era in our foreign policy which, a few years previous, would not have been dreamed of by the most farsighted political prophet. Without warning, and like a thunderbolt out of the clear sky, enormous responsibilities were thrown upon the shoulders of our government. Here was a denounement, sensational and altogether unexpected, unprophesied and absolutely undreamt of. Without precedent upon which to lean, without traditional occurrences of a similar nature by which to gauge an immediate and proper course of procedure; with the critical eyes of the whole world fastened upon us we were called upon to face an exigency which might well have staggered the capabilities of the oldest and most time-tried world power, rather than the youngest and least

Since then our government has decided that our occupation of the Philippine islands shall be permanent. We may safely It is this important feature that has been assume that the patriotic and farsighted | too greatly ignored, and a feature upon statesmen who are responsible for this action, in deciding upon this policy of expansion, have taken the course which national honor and economic considerations wrongly we have proclaimed to the world our intention of holding the Philippine retrocession from that promulgation now among nations, as among individuals, there ness and one that would work sore injury to our standing among world powers of dominant. the first rank. The sacrifice of national in any event, is warranted by but one consideration-the preservation of national honor. And it is of this consideration of the question from a moral standpoint that this article would specifically

Since the policy of our government has been definitely announced, from certain quarters the somewhat disquieting argument has been advanced that in forsaking traditional doctrines, which were only germane for the conditions prevailing at the time of their adoption, we are paving the way for tremendous economic menaces in the future, and are morally indiscreet. The first part of this contention will adjust itself, the future course of history will determine the justice or fallacy of these prophecies. This brings us to the mooted question as to whether expansion is morally defensible-whether by swinging out as an expansive power the United States is placing itself in the role of a moral pervert to the recognized code of civilized ethics, or whether the policy which we are now pursuing is one broadened by

WE

justice and dignified by honor. Happily precedent is not lacking to work out a solution of the problem upon a broadminded and liberal basis. The whole course of the world's history, the spread of humanizing and civilizing activity from age to been a record of what? A record of expansion, the survival of the fittest. the mysterious workings of an all-seeing Providence which gives the scepter of rulership to those most capable of ruling. tion the justice of Providence itself. After all is said and done, what is expansion? any stigma of reproach should attach itself? Expansion is another euphemism for the spread of civilization; civilization is expansion, expansion is civilization. Undo the annexation and expansion of the centuries and the spread of civilization is

THE CHARGE OF SIN.

We are told that by taking an alien and inferior people under our wing, to bring to them the fullest fruits of liberty, humanizing activity and progress, that we are morally sinning. Yet glance over the history of the world for the last half-century and witness what moral sinning of a kindred nature has done for the progress of the world and the benefit of mankind. Who would decry the results that have accrued from the sin of expansion as followed by England, the archsinner of this kind. tion of warring tribes, reeking with crime, famine, abject poverty of teeming millions to provide for a few princes who lived in splendor, an eyesore to civilization, a decaying corpse of a country. Egypt, moribund, a bankrupt nation, with conditions similar to those prevailing in India, a nightmare of sterility, exposed to the power of the Mahdists. What is India today? What is Egypt to-day? Valuable acquisitions to economic and industrial civilization, hives of industry and progress which once were but hives of barbarism and retrogression, law established, government more than a mere anomaly, crime reduced, taxes lowered, railroads built, disease lessened by the application of sanitary engineering, cases where before were but deserts.

Look at the continent of Africa to-day as contrasted with the school geographies of but a few years ago. A great South African nation has sprung up on the ruins of a wild savagery that knew no progress, the forces of civilization now swaying the destines of immense areas which but a decade ago were the forbidden fastnesses of the "Dark Continent." Turn from Africa to Australia, A hundred years ago it was practically an unknown land, overcun by degraded savages. To-day Australia forms a great and civilized nation. And so these incidents might be multiplied without number, continents, nations and islands wisited by the sinful "blight" of expansion. We may well ask where would the greater part of this civilized world be to-day had not England, or France, or Germany "sinned" altruistically for the world at large? If the embryo of this sin of expansion had not nestled in the brain of Columbus, if Spain, and England, and France, and Holland, had not profited by the sins of this hardy ploneer and his successors, where today would be these United States, where Canada, Australia, Mexico, where the republics of South America, Egypt, India, Africa and the rich countries and islands of the East, each bringing its quota to the moral and industrial growth of collective civilization? Would any sane or civilized being advocate that all this great workthe fruits of the master-minds and masters of industry of centuries-were better left undone? He would be flouted by the outraged scorn and contumely of his fellows as an irresponsible.

Why, therefore, should what we applaud in England, or France, or Germany, or any other nation whose expansive ambitions have benefited the world at large, be a crime, a moral retrogression, when our own country would seek to follow a similar broad-minded policy? We have not the consent of the people of the Philip-

-Frede.

... nbert hersel

tralia that they would prefer to be let alone, where would be India, or Egypt, or own Indian tribes, and had forebore to intrude upon their wishes, where would be our great West to-day teeming with prog-

ress and the arts of civilization? not analogous—the one touches our internal economy, while in the case of our occupaaway from the traditional policies promulgated by our forefathers touching nonintervention in questions of world-policy beyond our own dominions. Why should we take upon ourselves the regeneration of an inferior people eight thousand miles from our own shores?--why should we entail the expense and labor and hazard of civilizing and humanizing and modernizing allen races and peoples who are not bound to us by ties of kindred, color or inclination? Why should we do all this?

Why? Why? Why? Because it is our duty, our share in the | Philippines; destiny, which is but the will grand work of shouldering the "white man's burden" which a never-mistaking Providence has ordained, a duty to ourselves, a duty to civilization, which, if we shirked it, would warrant our moral flout-.classed as the pariah of nations. No, no; let us not mistake the hand of destiny. We altruistic conditions than the mere shallow, selfish ends of our own national economy. which I would lay particular stress, that beyond the duty which we owe to our- a perversion of the will of Providence. selves, beyond the obligations to the people of the Philippines themselves, there is a higher and far, far more important consid- | cial Future of Asia," "The Eastern Queseration, the duty we owe to every civiliza- | tion," etc.] tion itself. In fact, this has been one of islands and our other Pacific acquisitions | the most regrettable features of the situaas an integral part of our territory. A | tion, the disposition to ignore the fact that would be a lamentable confession of weak- is, or should be, a higher code of ethics

DEBT TO CIVILIZATION. If any other reason were wanting to justify our occupation of the Philippines and the forsaking of traditional doctrines than the exigency of unforeseen events. It is exemplified in this broader and more libte collective civilization. We cannot isolate ourselves, we cannot ignore or refuse to shoulder responsibilities which are imposed upon us. We are a nation, it true, untrammeled by entangling alliances; free to inaugurate and pursue policies that we see fit. But this is but the narrow and shallow spirit of judgment. We are a nation, but we are also an integral part of the household of nations which owes an allegiance to a common and universal mother-civilization. We may owe allegiance to ourselves, to our own interests. importance, we owe a duty to civilization itself that to forget would be preposterous, to ignore would be criminal. If our asseverations of civilized progress

and advancement, and our claim to a position in the front rank of world powers, is a real and concrete thing, rather than a mere hyperbolical vagary, how can we the Philippines-how can we show a clean record in our dealings with civilization ent will be viewed with the critical judgment of retrospect? We did not seek out this vast work of regenerating and civilizing an inferior people; it was forced upon us by destiny acting for civilization, as the work it would have him perform. We are a great nation, we have the progress, the enlightenment, the resources to shoulder this share of our burden in the world's work. Why more than England or France or any of the other great civilized powers should we hold back and say, "The task is enormous, it will require a tax on our What It Is Composed of and Its physical and economic resources, let some one else shoulder the burden, and when the path is made smooth we will enjoy some of the fruits without the labor of producing them?" Out with such charlatan

and self-centered knavery! Let us bear

selves, these are the conditions as they exist. The Philippines, left to themselves, would mean that within a generation they hotbed of anarchial and mehacing conditions, as festering and blighting a sore on rated with phlogiston and therefore fatal Egypt and India before England undertook | fused to combine at all except under great their regeneration. Self-government in the provocation. Though intimately mingled in Philippines is an anomaly; it will be al- the atmosphere, these elements were as ways an anomaly. In the scale of civilization the vast bulk of the population of the No long time passed before a third subcharacter by a few of the educated who have had the advantage of a training and in quantity, it proved to be indispensable life contact with civilized conditions) are in no way superior to the native population of India or Egypt, and we have already animal life, without it there could be no each of these respective countries. Further- and barren expanse. For the plant world more, the intrusting of the Philippine of carbon, and is thus enabled to lay up tants, besides rendering real government an impossibility, would erect in the direct | mosphere. That of old was supposed to be ing and annoying to the peace and order of ; collective civilization that sooner or later. miles high. This belief is based upon a as a measure of safety, England, or some | study of the fall of meteorites. These free other power whose interests were involved, wanderers of space plunge into the upper would be obliged to adopt a policy similar even with the extremely rare gas at that to that which we are now pursuing. But, as | high altitude, soon heats them to incan-I have said, why should the burden of looking after the interests of civilization way at a height of over 100 miles. At this be less our duty than that of England or | elevation the air must be so exceedingly other world powers? If destiny has led us into a path, and laid upon us needed to heat a meteor to the incandescent tremendous responsibilities, which we did point. From this it is estimated that the ten years. not dream of several years ago, it is evident that a power far above human power has | may be much more. The air may extend upordained that this is to be not England's, | ward as far as the force of gravity is capor France's, or some other nation's burden which steadily increases with height. How in the world's work, but ours. As with high that is no one can tell.

any argument be advanced more shallow dividual elements of the comity of nations— NEWS OF THE THEATERS and fatuous? If England had awaited for it is necessary that each, in addition to the consent of the nations of India, or of | self, should contribute toward the general Egypt, had she thought to ablde by the | welfare of the whole. Therefore, while we decision of the savages of Africa and Aus- | should see to it that our own interests are properly safeguarded, let us not forget the broader and altruistic duty we owe to Africa or Australia to-day. In our own civilization itself. The regeneration of the case, had we consulted the wishes of our | Philippines, the establishment of law and order, the making of their inhabitants useful members of society, be the cost what it may, is clearly our duty. To ignore this patent fact would be to show that we But, it is further argued, the cases are | are remiss not only in every element in the code of national common sense-if the question be reviewed from a merely selfish tion of the Philippines we are breaking standpoint-but remiss, in the larger sense, to the common cause of doing our share in the grand work of furthering the spread | Frohman, the head of the theatrical synand augmenting the power of humanizing | dicate. "This autocrat," says Mr. Moffett, and civilizing endeavor. Let us not delude after telling how the "Napoleon of the ourselves; let no man be ashamed to say, | theater" rules despotically, "is Charles with Macauley, that he is in favor of "wid- Frohman, formerly of 'Jack' Haverley's er markets, wider and more altruistic poli- Minstrels, later the proprietor of a little cies in international relations," and the dramatic agency, for the past dozen years securing, and maintenance, to our own manager, for the past three or four years a

> of Providence itself, shows that this great tended we should not now be there. Our policy in the Philippines is a policy of expansion-expansion in the broadest and fullest sense, inasmuch as is placed in our hands an instrument to further not our own means and ends, but those of civilization in general. It is, therefore, not only morally defensible in the highest ethical sense of altruism, but to question the morality of this policy is tantamount to a dec- reverse." laration that civilization throughout all ages has been immoral, unenlightened and

W. C. JAMESON REID. [Author of "The Political and Commer-

HINDOO EDITORS.

They Have Queer Ideas in the Matter of Serving the Public.

Los Angeles Herald. cuses as a Chinaman

newspaper made its appearance recently nearly half of it consisted of empty col-The following editorial note, howevery, explained this vagary: "We regret completeness, due to miscalculation. We thought we had sufficient material, and, consequently, did not trouble to collect more. We can assure our indulgent readers that this will not occur again, and we trust the quality of the contents will make up for the lack of quantity.

Another Hindoo editor found it necessary to suspend the publication of his paper for fortnight without a warning. When the paper again made its appearance it contained this amusing notice: "We regret that, owing to misunderstanding with rival editor, in which we failed to get all the best of the argument, it was necessary weeks, during which we have had opportunity of devising certain improvements rival editor, we regret to report, is still

for a time from his labors he calmly and similar words; "As we are beginning to withdraw with honor from our position in | feel the physical and mental effects of a when history that is being made at pres- in their behalf demand and deserve, and as a natural consequence beg to notify that

plainly as Providence could show to man | served this space for an exceptionally powterest to our readers, but at the last moment we find that the article cannot be compressed within the two columns reserved for it. It will make its appearance

THE ATMOSPHERE.

in 1774, when Priestley discovered in it the later he added to this the passive element Strive as we may to disillusionize our- the invisible air became captives of scifor a time. Oxygen was named by lacked phlogiston, the fancied fire element. ever it touched. Nitrogen was called phlogisticated air. It was believed to be satuthe body politic of human progress as to flame. While oxygen combined briskly

unlike in character as two substances well Philippines (it is idle to try and gauge their stance was found in the atmosphere, this time not a chemical element, but the comin quality, since all the world of living things is dependent upon it for existence. Inimical as it is, when in large quantity, to perceived what self-government implied in life at all, and the earth would be a dead gains from this gas its foundation element islands to the rule of their own inhabi. those stores of food upon which the animal One thing may be said about the new athighway to the East a menace so threaten- not over sixty miles high. Its ratio of decrease of density seemed to prove this. The

descence, and they flame into light. They less than 500 miles above the surface. It able of overcoming its centrifugal force.



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE. Bobby-Ma, is pa dangerously sick? Mamma-No; only a little sick; that's all. Bobby-Well, Tommy Bender was bragging 'round school to-day that his father was dangerously sick. Don't you think pa might manage to get that way, too?

no, although she not lar from vincenties. The creek was .

AUTOCRACY OF CHARLES FROHMAN. A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

Miss Julia Marlowe Writes Her Opinions of the Drama-Notes of the Stage.

In a series of articles on "Captains of Industry," in the current Cosmopolitan, Samuel E. Moffett writes about Charles | An Englishman's Impressions of hands of profitable undertakings wher- | dictator and at the present moment lord ever they may be acquired. The forces of of eleven theaters in New York, of destiny have shown us, definitely and un- about seventy of the first-class throughmistakably, what our plain duty is in the out the United States, eight in London and thirteen touring companies in the United Kingdom, besides hundreds of theaters work is our work. If it had not been so in- | more or less directly controlled through the booking operations of the 'syndicate' in the minor cities of America. The dramatic profession of the world has known no such universal ruler since that imperial connoisseur, Nero, dictated the programmes of the theaters of Athens, Alexandria, Antioch and Rome. Let us hasten to add that the parallel extends no further, for Mr. Frohman is as amiable as Nero was the

Mr. Frohman has extreme self-confidence, Mr. Moffett wirtes. "It is a constant source of wonder to the players in his employ to see this chubby little man, totally innocent of education and contemptuously oblivious of the theory of dramatic art, standing with his short legs spread apart and punctuating finger beating the air, instructing the most accomplished actresses and actors on the stage in the proper methods of reading their lines." Further on in Mr. Moffett's article is this:

"When Maude Adams was shifted from 'The Little Minister' to 'Romeo and Jusome people thought the transier rather abrupt and a trifle daring. Miss Adams felt a little trepidation herself. Not so Mr. Frohman. To him Shakspeare was simply a play writer like Clyde Fitch, with the advantage that he did not harass the box office for royalties. When he went to rehearsal one day he found signs of nervousness pervading the company. 'What's the matter?" he asked, in his explosive way It was Shakspeare, the players replied Pretty serious affair, you know-great rame, great play, traditions of the stage, memories of mighty shades in the minds of the critics, rhythm of blank verse to be observed and all that,

'Nonsense!' exclaimed Frohman. 'Who's Shakspeare? He was just a man. He won't hurt you. I don't see any Shakspeare, Just imagine you're looking at a soldier home from the Cuban war, making love to a giggling schoolgirl on a balcony. That's al I see, and that's the way I want it played. Dismiss all idea of costume. Be modern.

In last week's Independent is an article by Miss Julia Marlowe entitled "The Future of Historical Romance for the Stage. the multitude may expose small intellecwhich we propose to introduce into it. The | tuality when she attempts to be a critic. through the novels of the day she came you know what I mean-coquetry, tenderness, cruelty, rage, offended pride, grief, this paper will cease to appear for the space | self-sacrifice, joy, and finally that gentle and willing self-abnegation which is the last and sweetest attribute of womanhood. It is hardly worth while to contradict Miss Marlowe by flatly asserting that "When poorest plays, in construction and signifishe exhibits a theory of art that should quantity among things of value. than once in the course of the last year. she says, "I have all but wept for the memory of my gentle Rosalind and Viola; do so long to play them again. But, believe me. I gave the public Shakspeare season after season, and though the verdict upon my studies of his heroines was most kind and a source of great inspiration to me, I really earned little more than a fair living. And look at the profits that accrue from these semi-romantic, semi-historic plays! They are almost beyond belief-the gross intake running into hundreds of thousands for one simple little love comedy about a might, by the same token, say that this is and it has lasted these three hundred years, so, perhaps, Mr. Major and Mr. Kester builded much better than they knew. "The best things of the future will be

those in which we shall have mental action come; in fact, it has already begun. When I first went upon the stage I thought there was no poetry in modern life, with its lack of outward pomp and show, but after some experience I have found that scenery, dresses and all such details amount to very little with me. What actually counts is my feeling; what the character is to me; how far I am the character. So in all plays, believe that treatment is everything and that the plot should be subservient to it."

How beautiful is Miss Marlowe's reference to her profits! What a gratification it should be to the public to know that Miss Marlowe has grown rich by forsaking her old theory that the true artist and good person is the one that stands solidly for his ideals, accepting the consequences. The higher Miss Marlowe's prosperity soars the lower sinks the credit for mentality of the theatergoers of this country. If Miss Mar- | sence will be delivered to you immediately lowe and the impertinent, uncouth Charles Frohman lived in Germany, they should be squelched in no time by those big, solemn, brainy, long-whiskered critics whose writings are infrequently reprinted by American

Notes of the Stage.

Louis James and Frederick Warde will head a company in Shakspeare's "The Tempest" next season. This comedy has not been acted in the United States for

Blanche Walsh will act next season in a play by Stanislaus Stange founded on Gustave Flaubert's novel, "Salambo." Miss Walsh has not acted in this city since she was seen in the Sardou melodramas.

In the cast of a new musical comedy called "The Defenders," which will succeed "Dolly Varden" at the Herald-square Theater, New York, next week, will be Henry E. Dixey, Paula Edwardes, Grace Spencer. Minnie Ashley, Harry Davenport and Richie Ling.

It is announced that "Ben-Hur" will be presented at English's during two weeks in November. Dodson Mitchell will play Simonides, William Farnum Ben-Hur and Miss Beverly Sitgreaves Amrah. Miss Sitgreaves is now in the London "Ben-Hur"

Pietro Mascagni has been engaged to write the incidental music for the dramatization of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City." in which Miss Viola Allen, Edward Morgan and Frederick De Belleville will act next season. Mascagni probably will come to this country at the head of a concert

To the Theater for July William W. Whitelock contributes an article on the

the shortcomings of grand opera under the Grau regime, and Emily Grant Von Tetzel discusses the election of Walter Damrosch to the conductorship of the Philharmonic. A new feature started in this issue is the first of a series of stories of the stage written by Kenneth Lee. The numerous pictures in the number include plates of Viola Allen in "The Hunchback," Mrs. Langtry in "Mile. Mars," Mary Mannering in several poses, Mrs. Fiske in "Little Italy," Irene Bentley in "The Wild Rose," Wiffiam Gillette, Grace George as Frou Frou, Elizabeth Tyree, Cheridah Simpson in "King Dodo," Mrs. Potter as Calypso, Raymond Hitchcock, Evelyn Florence, Walter Damrosch, Kocian, the violinist who is to visit America next season.

THE LARGE HOTEL.

Famous New York House.

Charles L. Hands, in London Mail. Some people do not like large hotels, and certainly the large hotel has its disad-

You can feel so lonely in it. After you have written it in the register you have done with your name and surrendered your sense of individuality.

You are only a number, which you only dimly remember, and which, from the tone in which the clerk refreshes your memory, you suspect has a decimal point and a strings of naughts in front of it. You wander through long corridors among crowds of other impersonalities, feeling like a disembodied spirit who has forgotten where

You are not a patron of the big hotel -you are a client. It is not created for your convenience; you exist for its purposes; you are merely a trifling portion of the raw material with which the hotel supplies itself. You are the inconsiderable factor in a complicated calculation. You come and you go, and your coming and going matters just as little to the system as the rising and setting of some unidentified star. The small, comfortable hotel that is the traveler's ideal, the homely hotel where the boots signals your arrival with the jangle of the courtyard bell, where the landlord comes bustling to your welcome with home-made cherry brandy on a ceremonial silver tray, where the ladnlady's hobby is her kitchen and her sauce her pride, where they know you and study your tastes and prejudices and give you the best bedroom, where the sheets are lavender-scented and the fire was lit the moment your telegram arrived. I know that ideal; I have entertained it myself in my time. But it has a fault com-

It is a fantasy. It is based on the unwarranted assumption of the best bedroom Obviously every guest cannot have the best bedroom nor enjoy the special service and attention of the host and hostess. The small, homely hotel exists here and thereknow of one, but I keep the knowledge to myself, lest I lose my certainty of the best bedroom-but, generally speaking, it does not come up to expectations. It has the desolate air of a place where coaches used to stop; the corner front has been turned into a public bar, the landlord is a morose person brooding over mortgages and the tied house system, there is never any fish but whiting for breakfast, and they fry their steaks.

Still, although the ideal does not realize, ideal remains, and the people who cherish it will take the familiar objections to New York's giant caravansary, the Waldorf-I do not know whether it is absolutely

the biggest hotel in the world, but it is an immense place, both as regards its area and its thirteen or fourteen stories. There is a ballroom in it as big as a town hall. dozen. There are lobbies as big as railway stations, and miles of corridors. There are public rooms in it which people have lived or years in the hotel without discovering. They say that Mr. Boldt himself, the proprietor of the hotel, frequently discovers parts of it in which he has never set foot

I have not discovered more than one barber's shop in the hotel, though I understand there is at least one other. But I discovered so many dining rooms that I lost count. I lived in the hotel once for weeks, and subsequently discovered that an old familiar friend had been staying there all the time. In the immensities of the place we had never encountered one another. But it is not the size of the Waldorf-Astoria that astonishes the visitor, except in its bearing upon the prosperity of the business and the wonderful system of its administration. The thronged condition of the lobbies and corridors, restaurants and smoking rooms, impresses you more than their area and numbers.

The Waldorf is as much a national instiution in the United States as Westminster Abbey is in England. You enter by one of a dozen tee-totum doors and find yourself in the very center, apparently, of the life and activity of America. A main corridor a couple of hundred yards in length is lined with a double row of chairs and lounges, every one of which is occupied. All sorts and conditions of men, representative of every interest, are to be seen there. Great business men, politicians, members of the government, people from every State and Territory, society people, artists, lawyers, soldiers, gamblers, speculators-the place is not merely an hotel, it is a Pan-American exhibition

In New York, and indeed everywhere in the United States, the hotel exercises additional functions to those we associate

It is not only an abiding place for strangers, but it is a general rendezvous and ounging place for residents and nonresidents alike. The New Yorker seems to stroll into the Waldorf to sit down and wander about and meet acquaintances, just as he would stroll into the park. It is a sort of club to which everybody belongs, and the appointments are more convenient and luxurious than most clubs, while you are far more certain of a cheerful and companionable hour or two.

can find people by the score ready and willing to talk. If you do happen to have friends in New York you are pretty sure the art of versification will deny that "Ben to meet them at the Waldorf. If you want to do business you can do it there. If you want to buy or sell stocks or shares, copper or wheat, you can find a sort of uptown branch of Wall street. The latest political gossip or the latest society scandal and corridors of the Waldorf.

The big place is conducted on a marvelous system. Its size demands system and organization, and the system and organization are as nearly perfect as can be. Every floor of the hotel has its own service. sage left at the hotel for you in your abery parcel, every telegram or telephone ineach. The visitor of a guest at the hotel can find out in fifty seconds whether his friend be in his room or not. Every letter in the time clock with the hour and minute of its receipt It is not a cheap place. It charges as

much as people are willing to pay, but they do not like it the less for that. It is business, and they like business.

Check Collection Fees. Hartford Courant.

The Central National Bank, of New York. has been fined by its associates in the checks at their face value instead of mak- shadows of the past.

REBUKED.

Waiter-We don't furnish dates with chicken, sir. Only bread and butter.

will it, doctor?" asked the

Customer-When was this chicken killed?

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ing the charge for collection. The New York Evening Post says that the banks take in about \$3,000,000 a year through this petty exaction and admits that any bank that avoids it is sure of a large addition to its custom. The rule is altogether arbitrary and exempts such places as the bank managers choose. It is simply making the many sweat for the benefit of the few.

CHINAMAN ON THE RACES.

ambition of the Whites to Predominate Over the Others. Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Mercury, an evening newspaper pub ished at Shanghai, China, for \$30 per year, payable quarterly in advance, and dated 3d Moon, 9th Day, 28th Year of H. I. M. Kuang Hsu," or Wednesday, April 16, 1902, contains an interesting article on the effects of the Anglo-Japanese treaty on eastern Asia, translated from a native Chinese paper. The article says: "Civilization has advanced so much that we now know that all nations are derived

from one common ancestor. The varieties of race have been produced by climate and location and religion. But the white race is ambitious for a paramount position over the red, brown and yellow races. The latter races have no such desire to rule over the white. In fact, as the white rises the other colors sink under them. The writer sorrowfully admits that "the

red, brown and yellow races are slow in advancing and cannot keep up to the white,' and he asserts that "there are some forlowances for this and have devised a theory out of the seven days of creation to the effect that the other races, exclusive of the white, were merely transmogrified He insists that "in the United States they have another sort of doctrine to the effect

that man and birds are different. The colored people are the birds and man should use them as slaves and inferiors." And he declares "the Americans are to-day devising fresh exclusion bills against Chinese workmen and even against Japanese. In view of all this, what becomes of the muchtalked of international law? Oh, it does not apply to these matters, forsooth, But do not be surprised. That precious international law follows the power which is mightiest, and is modified accordingly to suit circumstances. After much more of this discussion

amusing to us and earnest to him, he declares, "if China does not quickly reform, and is swallowed up by the other nations, it will come true that the white race will actually rule the yellow race. If this disgrace is to be averted it entirely depends on China herself.. The author then directs the attention of

his fellow-Chinese to Japan, "She," he says, "has rapidly advanced in civilization, so that she is able to stand up for her own rights against the white races. She boldly race. She says that there are red and yellow white races, to which class she belongs. and, therefore, the western nations need not boast of their white race. The Japanese will not consent to be under their feet. Hence the white race praises her with a certain undertone of jealousy. Such outpourings prove that the lives lost during the Boxer outbreak were not sacrifived in vain; that China is waking up.

AS TO "BEN BOLT."

Sharp Reply to a Critic of Dr. English's Famous Ballad. Milwaukee Sentinel.

A superior literary person, writing in the Bookman, imparts the valuable information that the favorite old song, "Ben Bolt," is "sheer twaddle." No one, he says, has this important fact, and as Dr. English, If you know no people in New York, you | the author of the ballad, has just died, he can experience a terrible loneliness in the the critic, thinks it a proper occasion exhibition parts of the Waldorf, unless you lay this amiable offering on his grave. A care to talk to people, in which case you | nice sense of propriety is innate in some

No one with a tincture of knowledge of

Bolt" is, technically, a poor affair. Almost any newspaper poetaster will turn you out a correcter copy of verses, judged by the foot-rule standard, in half an hour. Dr. English was aware of the technical flaws of his slipshod little ballad, and used to is hatched and fledged in the restaurants affect to be ashamed of it, just as Bret Harte resented references to his "Heathen Chinee." Probably both authors had heard their popular verses quoted and complimented ad nauseam, and wanted a rest. But "Ben Bolt," for all its faults of rhyme and meter and rhythm, is not twad-Twaddle is nonsense, and strong men's hearts do not melt nor do their eyes moisten and grow dim over nonsense. John Bright, a man not given to twaddle himself or overtolerant of it in others once said there were two plaintive old songs he never could listen to with dry eyes, and one of them was "Ben Bolt, For over half a century the homely verses have been thus touching the source of tears by virtue of a quality beyond the reach of received, every card or note left, is stamped | art. Has the writer in the Bookman never noted the effect on an audience of the singing of "Ben Bolt?" How from the first note to the last of the simple nelody each listener-each listener, that is, with a past and with a heart made of something more impressionable than basswood -sits spellbound under the bitter-sweet memories conjured up by word and air. until the strain dies away? Such magic is not worked with twaddle. "Ben Bolt," formless and crude in workmanship, is nevertheless steeped in a sentiment that banking union for accepting out-of-town wakes an echo in the heart and evokes the

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